

ANGORA HIKING CLUB'S THANKSGIVING AT MARXEN'S RANCH NEAR SADDLE MOUNTAIN

Astoria, Oregon,
November 23, 1924.

Six-thirty A. M. found those who had signed up for the trip, awaiting the auto truck to convey them over the first section of the trip to Youngs River falls, a distance of about ten miles, in a southerly direction from Astoria.

It did not take long, and all were seated on board benches in Smith's auto truck. The morning was in the dawning; the sky was clear; the sun was below the mountains to the east. The morning-glow was not very pronounced; this with a fog cloud enveloping the westerly part of the hill on which Astoria lies, gave promise of good weather and a clear day.

When you see a clear horizon with a pronounced morning-glow early in the morning, look for rain in the afternoon. On this day all signs were for good weather. This was especially gratifying, as the last four weeks it had been a continual round of boisterous days and nights, with an unusual amount of rain, cold winds, and disagreeable weather.

Coming around Smith's point, we struck more fog, giving double assurance, when it once cleared, of bright sunshine.

Fog in itself may be disagreeable, yet everything has its bright aspects. Objects such as houses, bushes, trees, telegraph poles, etc., silhouetted against a grey background, take on phantastic, imaginary forms, that reminds one of fairies, witches, gobblins, etc. The fog, enveloping the tideland meadows of Youngs river, with cattle moving and grazing in the haze, lends quietness to the landscape and enchantment to the scene for those who are able to see in all, more than the mere objects.

Traveling through the Youngs River meadows over a narrow, but well paved road, we soon arrived at the Youngs River railroad station.

Here we lined up and counted members—30 in all, answered the roll call.

Forming single file, we wended our

way, following the leader over a well kept and well gravelled railroad right-of-way heading south. This was the Youngs River railroad. A road that is principally used to haul the products of the woods, out of the forests that cover the adjacent hills.

We soon beheld Youngs River falls before and below us to the left. Youngs River falls is not a great body of water, yet the recent rains helped to augment the flow that drops over a rocky precipice, say about 60 feet. The hills at this point narrow to a gorge. This gorge and also the rocky cliffs east of Olney through which the Clatskanie river flows, about two miles in a straight line east from Youngs River falls, form the natural boundary between the low lands and the mountains. Tidewater is in evidence at Olney, in the Clatskanie river and near Youngs River falls in Youngs River. South of these points you are in the mountains. The rushing, rippling, falling waters of the streams, wending their way through narrow gorges and wide bottoms, indicate this.

We wended our way alongside the rushing waters of Youngs River to our left, and passed here and there through nice Alder groves with silvery shining bark. We also passed some maple trees that had shed most of their leaves, leaving the trunks and branches overgrown here and there with hanging moss, to plain and pleasing view. Of course, the ever present green hemlock and spruce trees were there; also the shapely formed elkbrake and other ferns, grasses and berry bushes of various kinds, made part of the landscape.

After travelling a mile or so, wending our way in various windings of the road, at a sharp turn the sun pierced the fog in slanting rays through the tall green trees and grey fog clouds. This was a beautiful sight, a pleasant sensation, was a harbinger of good luck, and certainly had a cheering effect. The fresh cold morning against which we had protected ourselves

with extra clothing gave way to warm, yet bracing mountain air.

At one place, a small miniature lake was passed. Instinctively, all or nearly all, had to try their skill throwing pebbles—well, it was natural to do so—who could resist the temptation with so many pebbles laying, just handy?

The shrill whistle of a logging engine ahead told us of its approach, coming down grade. We scampered to the side to let it pass. It was a trainload of rather small hemlock logs. It was explained afterwards that this was the second cutting and that this timber was, perhaps, of second growth, and used for pulp purposes. (Pulp is the first stage of manufacture of making paper from wood.) This was rather gratifying to hear, as it gave evidence of the commencement of a reforestation scheme. A lusty cheer from all of us sped the train on its way down to tidewater.

The river by now was getting more turbulent. At several windings the water rushed and cascaded over and through large rocks and boulders. The green waters augmented by recent rains, which apparently had not washed any sediment into it, churned into white when rushing over cliffs and boulders. The eddies and deep pools that invite the mountain trout fisherman, formed here and there. Two disciples of Isaac Walton; one clad in hip rubber boots standing in water over knee deep—and the other sitting astraddle of a large log overhanging the stream, had been lured to this spot. Smilingly and patiently they were waiting for a bite; however, as long as they were in our view, it was in vain. This scene was framed in a forest of fine stately Alder trees with grey shining bark. Above all a perfect blue sky. It all gave a motive or subject fit for any artist. Several kodak pictures were taken.

After hiking about six miles, we turned at right angles to the left from the road bed—and were confronted with the disagreeable fact of either swimming a cold mountain stream or going over a not any too safe log foot bridge. A slippery bridge without any rails or hand guards. The water at this point was about seven or eight feet deep. The log was about 20 to 24 inches in diameter, not any too sound, and was lying at a slant down. This, however, did not prevent

Miss Peggy Thomason of giving an exhibition of graceful movements while crossing, much to our merriment. She certainly moved across the stream like a fairy queen. The unexperienced and timid ones and those who had smooth soled shoes, were efficiently and safely led over by the guides and more experienced hikers.

On the left side of the stream was bottom land overgrown with Alders and small spruce trees through which small mountain springs rushed. A little farther up was a farm. We were now in what is called, Youngs River bottom; a very fertile little valley. Right in front of us was old Saddle mountain as yet partly covered with fog clouds. It did not take long—perhaps it was a mile distant from the log bridge—and we arrived at the Marxen ranch and ranch house. This house is a story and a half high, of medium dimensions; a large, roomy porch in front facing the mountain and south sun. Around the house was the usual old fashioned flower and vegetable garden with berry bushes, apple trees, rose bushes and a conglomeration of shrubbery. A little farther along was a chicken house and chicken yard. A large barn and grazing fields were farther down near the stream, and a flock of sheep feeding in one enclosure. Near the house was the wood shed and the inevitable wood pile of nice Alderwood. The ancient saw buck was missing, instead there being a modern gasoline engine and a circular saw that did the back-breaking labor of old.

The usual number of dogs were there. Inside, on the walls, elk horns, deer horns, a battery of rifles, shot-guns, pistols, belts of cartridges, and hunting knives gave evidence of a hunter's paradise. If we did not know it before; we knew now we were in the mountains.

We were greeted by a medium sized women, whose white hair told of years gone by, the face told of struggles, of hardships and toil, and yet that round kindly face gave forth a radiance that told of kindness; it told of hope; it told the old story—of love itself—of satisfaction—a consequence of a pleasant past and a confident, hopeful future.

On the front porch was the master of the house himself. A well built

man of medium tall stature, white hair that betrayed his age, slightly stooped—that told of toil in years gone by; a fine chiseled face, high forehead, rosy white skin. The roman nose told of the restlessness, the energy that urged out into the wilderness, it proclaimed:— as of true pioneer stock. A stock that knows no obstacles, it knows no defeat. Stubborn, relentless, the Empire of the west was molded; it was hewn, it was hammered out of the forest. It was conquered by men of his type. About thirty years the battle of and in the wilderness had raged. "The deed is done, the victory is complete!" Such was the expression of this man Marxen.

We all felt immediately "at home." The eatables were all gotten ready. The turkey and trimmings had been roasted and taken along. The potatoes, carrots, parsnips, etc., were all at the farm, and under the busy hands of that able kitchen triumphaire Mrs. Granlund, Miss Peggy Thomason and Mrs. Charles Hustwick, assisted by such able assistants as Agnes Carlson, Vivian Jackson, Myrtle Trogan, Miss Sterling, Jean Pullen, Helen Isaacson and Charlotte Juber, things went a humming.

Matters were soon taking such a shape that we were assured dinner would soon be ready. President Charles Johnson was brewing the coffee in the open, in the farm yard—in a large pot hung over a fire. He was assisted by such able men as Walter Stokes, Charles Erickson and Charles Hustwick. The quality of the resultant brew proclaimed them all as masters of their art.

All had a job. Esther Junti was the pastry cook. Frances Wedekin was the salad mixer. Miss Ami Lagus filled the very distinct and delicate position of mushroom expert of mushrooms grown and gathered in Clatsop county. Ted Stokes was water boy. Mr. Ingraham, Alfred Johnson, Alvin Tennant, Don Koivisto, W. Borgman and Oscar Ramvick were the hewers of wood. Harold Johnson attended the fire. August Hildebrand was the historian observer. Thomas Thomason, G. Ziegler and George Carlson were masters of games. The whole working force was ably directed by Chief Guide Berry.

Exactly 12 o'clock—one hour after our arrival, the stentorian voice of the chief guide announced that all was ready.

An inner circle was formed of the most favored ones to sit in the dining room on the dining table with Mr. and Mrs. Marxen gracing the ends of the table. The rank and file, that is, the rest of the bunch, ate cafeteria style on the front porch, back porch and in the open. It was afterwards explained that those who had signed up first were given the preference at the table. This was quite satisfactory to all. The weather outside was a perfect, sunny, clear, springlike day in November.

All vituals were supposedly raised in Clatsop county. The first course being oyster soup, someone questioned the fact of them being grown or raised in Clatsop county. At this point the historian assured the others that they were surely raised by him, before being consumed and when the kitchen triumphaire assured all, that even the biscuits were raised in Clatsop county, all were satisfied on this delicate point.

Now let us see, what did we really have to eat? If I could give you the bill of fare in French or Swedish, you surely will not understand or know what we ate. This is only practiced in the large cities and in the large restaurants, perhaps that you may not question if they serve the right thing. So here it goes in plain American:

Oyster Soup	
Roast Turkey with Dressing	
Mushrooms	Cranberry Sauce
Mashed Potatoes	Celery
Creamed Carrots	Cauliflower
Pickled Beets	Green Peas
Creamed Onions	
Mince Pie	Pumpkin Pie
Fruit Salad	Vegetable Salad
Biscuits	Plum Pudding
Candy	Blackberry Jelly
Apples	Nuts
Cider and Coffee	

All this and a pleasant morning and evening auto ride—for \$1.00.

It is remarkable the few ingredients that were needed in the make up of this royal meal, that came from other localities. Very few realize this. Some question the wisdom of keeping the money expended for such products as close to home as possible—but it is wisdom doing so, just the same.

It is the object of the foregoing enumeration to show what really is and can be grown here. The turkeys came from the Nehalem valley—even the oysters came from Shoalwater bay across the river in the state of Washington; a district tributary to Astoria. Perhaps the coffee and spices used were the only articles that were not grown in Clatsop county. Had clam soup been used instead of oyster soup, it would have been a product yet closer to home.

This enumeration also gives occasion to think of the Creator, who has been so kind to this locality in so distributing in such abundance the necessary articles to sustain life—and this being Thanksgiving day it behooves us to give thanks for this extraordinary blessing.

After dinner all felt the desire for exercise. When children are happy they want to play—and we played—yes, we, us and company. This was kept up until the call for coffee was heard.

All good Swedes drink coffee at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. No change was made in this program. It all had a settling effect on the turkey and cemented that companionship feeling.

In course of time, we made ready for the return trip. A hand shake and hearty thanks to Mr., and a kiss and embrace from the lady members to Mrs. Marxen, in which some of the male members of the gang wanted to join. Three cheers for both, and we were on the way back home. No, it was more like away from home, as well as back to home.

Over the Green mountain road through mud, we were now treading soft mud at times, and had somewhat harder ground underfoot at other times. The traveling was not bad, nor strenuous at that. All were cheerful, all were happy, all were thankful. After traveling 5½ miles of mountain road, we arrived at a junction about one and a half miles from Olney, at 5 o'clock. Here we waited for our auto.

Meanwhile, we started a fire with half dried or half wet ferns that grow so profusely anywhere in the open. This fern, four to six feet tall, dries

during fall and winter. It burns very rapidly and fiercely when dry and it is dangerous to start it burning. However, during fall and winter, it is too damp and wet to be dangerous. We started a fire with this fern and patiently waited. It was getting dark. It did not take long, and the auto lights in the distance, shining through the woods, told us of the coming.

All climbed in, bag and baggage, and we were soon speeding on the Nehalem-Astoria road toward our city. All were soon singing. The road bed was smooth, the auto was rolling right along. In about three-quarters of an hour the auto went puffing up the hill leading to the city park from the south, a distance from Olney of about 10 miles.

We arrived in the city in time to attend services with the family that evening at the Presbyterian church, a service very much appreciated. We had spent a perfect day, bodily, mentally, spiritually and religiously.

While at church listening to the able lecture by Dr. D. J. Ferguson, on Martin Luther—and having also attended his previous lecture on the greatest of all popes, Hildebrand, I could not help to compare the force and labor of these two men to the labor and force necessary by a man subduing the wilderness.

The aim of all three was identical, and yet the power of love far outweighed the accomplishments of their actions—their labor. In religious or even earthly matters—the kindness, love and patience, of that great teacher, Jesus, had greater consequences than either the labors of Pope Hildebrand or the works of Martin Luther—and so is the consequence of a loving kindness and patience of a woman, of a pioneer, of a Mrs. Marxen greater, in the routine work of a faithful wife and a good mother, than the labors of digging stumps or the labors of a good provider; and yet—without labor, without energy, kindness cannot begin to bear fruit. Labor and love are inseparable to success. Love tempers labor. Labor without love is barren of results.

AUGUST HILDEBRAND,
Historian.